

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN


The Magazine of Newfoundland



Vol. VII, No. 5 MAY, 1950

WOMEN AT WORK

201



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Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors

Atlantic Guardian

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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Cover Picture: Reginald Shepherd and his wife, Helen, both Newfoundlanders and graduates of the Ontario College of Art, have opened an Art School in St. John's which now has 36 registered pupils (see page 30). Here Mrs. Shepherd is shown doing a portrait of Mrs. Bernard Norris of St. John's. (Photo by Ruggles).



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P.C.253





● Ever hear the one about the chap named Cohen who went to Spain and married a Spanish girl?

Seems that they had a daughter who was baptized Carmen.

The father, however, always called the little girl "Cohen".

So the mother always said "Carmen" and the father always said "Cohen" and by the time the poor child got to be 16 or so she didn't know if she was carmen or cohen.

Why do radio announcers always have small hands?

Because they need wee paws for station identification.

We had a number of leaks in the roof of our house the other week and laid five pans in a row to catch the water as it fell.

After rushing about for a time emptying the pans one by one, we said, "This is very inefficient, what we need here is one long pan."

"Oh, I don't know," said our wife, "I don't see what good a Chinese could do."

During a theological discussion at the dinner table the other Sunday our

MAY, 1950



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six-year-old announced that God lived in the bathroom.

We asked how he had arrived at that conclusion.

"Well," he said, "I was in there the other day brushing my teeth and you stuck your head in and said, 'O Lord, are you still in there?'"

There will now be a short pause for rolling in the aisles. Anyone discovered not rolling in the aisles will be strapped into a chair and forced to listen to Milton Berle for six hours.

Mr. Printer: Please put some of those little stars along here.

* * * * *

Thank you.

What is the meaning of this outburst do you ask, dear friends and gentle hearts?

Well, you can blame it all on Mr. A. C. Wornell, English Harbor West, Fortune Bay, who recently sent us a letter that started off: "Dear Mr. Funnyman:"

After years of trying with indifferent success to convince editors and the general public that the stuff we wrote was funny, Mr. Wornell's salutation came like a ray of sunshine into a dark and darkening world.

It pepped us up to such an extent, as a matter of fact, that before we knew what had happened those four jokes (sic) had happened and once they were down on paper we didn't have the heart to kill them.

Mr. Wornell's letter contained, of course, more than the salutation. It contained, among other things, a poem.

"About five years ago," Mr. Wornell said, "I happened to be in an East Coast settlement on business, and, it being 'swilin season', all the old-timers were waiting for the ice to come in the bay so that they could

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BE SURE YOUR FIRE IS OUT — DEAD OUT

get their 'tow' of 'swiles'. Not having much on my mind at that particular time, I tried my hand at rhyming, and the enclosed verses were the result of my efforts."

The poem, a very good one, follows:

ARCTIC ICE AND FLIPPERS

By A. C. Wornell

There's a halo round the margin of the sea,
And it's there, if I should guess correct, should be
The Arctic Ice, the whelping ice, whereon the "fat" is found,
The haze is thick and stretchin' 'cross the Bay,
And scattered pans of driftin' ice are floatin' all around—
We'll get the flippers yet, old-timers say!

There's a strong Nordeaster blowin' cold and raw,
More birds along the shore I never saw,
The ducks and hounds are flyin', and the turrs are near the land,
You can see the odd young "beater" in the Bay.
The Terra Nova's off the Cape with seven thousand panned—
We'll get the flippers yet, old-timers say!

How far the floe is off is hard to tell,
The surest way to judge is by the swell,
'Tis runnin' high and roarin' loud upon the Nordeast shore,
No sign of moderatin' yet today,
I'd guess the ice is off the land 'bout twenty mile or more—
'Twill fill the Bay tonight, old-timers say!

So get your gaff and tow-line ready John,
And meet me on the Point at crack o' dawn!
We'll be first upon the growlers from the Shag Rocks to Cape Freels
And strike the "fat" before another sinner,
You can bet your bottom dollar we will get our tow of seals—
And its Flippers fat and sweet for Sunday's dinner!

MAY, 1950



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St. John's Newfoundland

● We have a letter to hand also from Richard Furneaux Watson, 1612 Bolton street, Baltimore, Md., who sends "just a line by way of appreciation of your January issue and particularly the article relating to the paving of Water Street, St. John's."

Referring to the great changes in the old city from an earlier day, Mr. Watson says: "What a far cry from the time when a little ragamuffin did duty as a sweeper at the north west corner of Job's, begging his pennies as he plied his broom trade. Probably few recall the scene but it was back in the late eighties. Well, the little sweeper has vanished. So has milady's trailing skirt."

And then, in a postscript, Mr. Watson adds an interesting little item:

"In this morning's paper some Baltimorean appears startled at the discovery that Macy's of New York is offering, of all things, codfish tongues for sale and expresses surprise that the cod should have a tongue. In preparing them for breakfast the writer suggests that they be used in a New England chowder but, as one Newfoundlander to another, shall we to man benighted the frying pan deny?"

Oh, dear! Here in Montreal we are a thousand miles from the sea and haven't sunk a fang into a cod tongue in five years. The thought of a dozen or more of them sizzling in a frying pan is more than we can stand. Macy's, here we come.

● We were more than happy to receive recently a book of verse by Rev. Dr. L. G. FitzGerald of Buchans, published by The Exposition Press, New York.

Father FitzGerald is well known to Newfoundlanders for his ballads of the sea and coast and the lives of the

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



77

What do these numerals stand for? In ancient days, the number seven was considered powerful, magic. A double seven was even more so. Even today, these numbers mean power. They stand for the 77 offices operated in the United States, Canada and Mexico by American Airlines. They stand for individualized service, instant contact. They mean that the Newfoundland businessman has 77 servants in the United States, ready and willing to help him in his business or pleasure. Take advantage of the power which is placed at your command by American Airlines. Remember, the key to your success could be—77.

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kindly pious folk who make their living from the one and dwell along the other.

The title poem, Lone Eagles of God, is a tribute to the selfless, lonely priests who in the little villages guide their people, sharing often in the hardships and sorrow as well as in the joys and rewards of outpost life.

Many of the poems have already appeared in The Monitor, St. John's; one, the Ballad of Dog Hood Daly, has appeared in Atlantic Guardian.

The book will form a valued addition to our library and we recommend it for yours.

Brian Cahill

● Early type boats in the cod and seal fisheries were known as shallops and shallows. The shallop was a large boat decked at both ends, open in the centre with removable deck-boards and pounds. There were cuddies fore and aft where the men could sleep. The shallows were open boats, now called punts. Shalloway Cove is a relic of these far-off days.

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Breath of Newfoundland

OTTAWA was stirred during the month of April by an exhibition of Newfoundland paintings. The stir was caused by the ability of Frederick Steiger's brush to capture the very breath of Island life. And the fact of the stir was a distinctive tribute to both the artist and his subject, since, of all Canadian cities, Ottawa is probably the most easily bored (in a very genteel manner, to be sure) by paintings.

If there were any justified criticism of the exhibition, it was in the manner of hanging. They were fittingly displayed in the gallery of the handsome Odeon theatre on Bank Street, but the lighting was indifferent, and there was a notable lack of pattern. It was this lack that was most lamentable, for Mr. Steiger had contrived, in his subjects, to tell a well-rounded story of the Island and its living-ways.

The pictures were painted during the summer of 1949 when Mr. Steiger—who has made a name for himself with his prairie portraits and landscapes—was commissioned to do portraits of the 25 past Speakers of the Newfoundland House of Assembly.

The compelling color of Newfoundland life burst upon Mr. Steiger's energies with such force that he could not deny his brush and palette the excitement of capturing his immediate contacts, and this he did despite the demands of his portraiture contract.

Standing high above the harbor of Bay de Verde he caught the grim shadows of the near-by hill-top rocks and the gay colors of the bay far below and the distant town as they were struck by shafts of sunlight. It is an arresting play of contrasts, symbolizing the earnestness and the optimism of Island landscape and life.

Moving down to the fish-landing stage, Mr. Steiger portrayed the ever-present fisherman. Stern of feature, competent in physique, concentrated into the one focal point of wrestling a livelihood from the rich but hard-demanding sea, the oil-skin sou'wester clad figure epitomizes the sea-faring backbone of the Island. This trick of the artist is solidly supported by the background of nets, grapple, floats, and fish. It is a magnetic canvas, drawing the eye back to its sombre

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"GRANDFISH"

colors again and again. This picture was reproduced in the November 1949 *Atlantic Guardian* and readers, who saw it only in black and white, will nevertheless understand its compulsion.

Most widely praised canvas of Mr. Steiger's exhibition was "Fisherman's Boy," which was a slightly idealized but still expressive portrait of a lad with his model boat. Over his shoulder the eye travels to glimmering sea water and spider-legged fish-landing stages. The boy's hands are especially finely done, and in the face is the significant light of hope and confidence. There is an active feeling of youth in that face.

Two interiors are not, however, to be dismissed lightly. Indeed, there is a curious air of mingled strength and profundity in them, but not every Ottawa eye (unfamiliar with Newfoundland living ways) appreciated the subtleties of the artist. "Fisherman's Home" is an interior, with the central figure a woman knitting beside a heater. In her relaxed calmness there is the sureness of the morrow and the return of her husband and sons from the fishing grounds. "Grates Cove" also has a woman and a stove as the central point of the canvas, but there is a tenseness and a brooding quality which strikes straight to the viewer's heart: a fishing ship had not and would not come home.

Mr. Steiger's virility, his poetic insight, and his willingness to combine imagination with reality, give his work an inescapable attraction which, in the case of these Newfoundland canvasses, make him an able ambassador of the Island's unique qualities. He should make another visit!

Cup Winner

This column is mightily pleased with itself, because, a month or so

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN



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GUARDIAN of the Home



ago, it reported the great success of Rosemary Blount in the oratorical contest of the Young People's Union of the Ottawa Presbytery of the United Church of Canada. Rosemary—well known to Corner Brook where she was born, and to St. John's where she was educated—proved her Ciceronian qualities to four other contestants and to three judges at Ottawa, and won the right to hold the Presbytery's silver cup for a year. Her topic was, it is pleasant to record, "Newfoundland, Tenth Province of Canada".



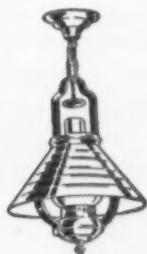
ROSEMARY BLOUNT, Chemist-Orator

Taking the same theme, Rosemary carried the Ottawa Presbytery YPU banner to the Montreal-Ottawa Conference finals—and carried home the inter-Presbytery silver cup, a handsome trophy which she will retain as her own property. It will be a pleasant memento of a youthful triumph.

And brown-eyed, black-haired,



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olive-complexioned Rosemary is youthful, as our photo proves. She graduated from Dalhousie only last year, having reached there via Memorial College and Prince of Wales High School in St. John's. She is the daughter of the Rev. C. R. Blount and the former Rose Parady of Grand Bank, who both now reside in St. John's. Rosemary is a graduate chemist. Her first job was with the Public Health Laboratories in St. John's, but in August of 1949 she transferred to the Ottawa testing laboratories of the Bureau of Mines, of the federal Department of Mines and Technical Surveys. Rosemary is just as good a chemist as she is an orator, and we prophesy an outstanding career for her.

Rural Science

The concluding sittings of the Royal Commission on Arts, Letters and Sciences are currently going forward in the National Capital, and all those who submitted briefs are awaiting with the keenest interest the final report which Chairman the Hon. Mr. Vincent Massey and his confreres will make.

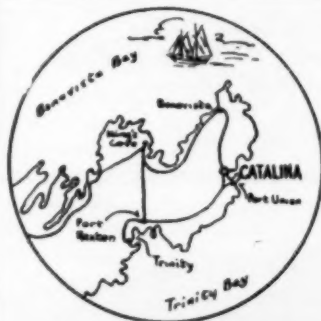
One of the most significant sessions was held in Charlottetown January last, during which Prince Edward Island Premier J. Walter Jones recommended creation of a central school in the Maritimes which would be charged with the job of applying science to rural and maritime life. Since more than 50 percent of the population of the total Canadian eastern maritime area makes its living from farming and fishing—and in the case of Newfoundland the percentage is even greater—the application of science to such pursuits holds tremendous potentials for a far better tomorrow for the sons and daughters of the sea and the soil.

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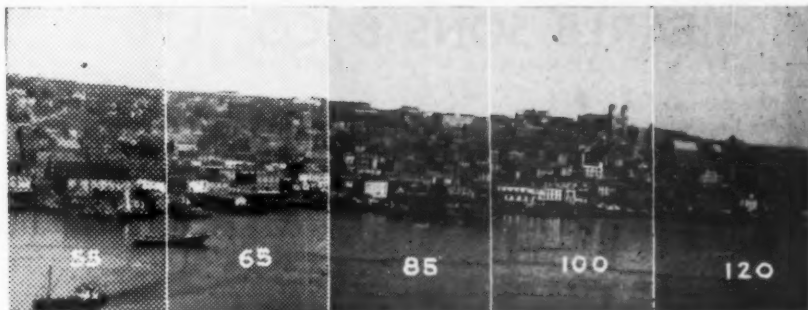


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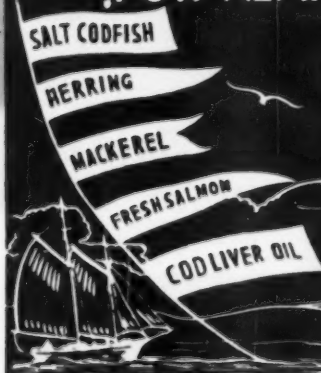
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If the Commission should view Mr. Jones' suggestion with favor, and should make a specific recommendation to the federal government, it could result in the establishment of a novel and significant educational institution in eastern Canada which would, over a period of time (and not too long a period), change and improve living in Canada's Maritimes. Science can put a powerful shoulder to the heavy wheel of existence: it is to be hoped that a way will be made for the common man to benefit directly from the genius of modern science.

World Traveller

Paris, London, Washington, New York, Toronto, Halifax . . . these are the travel labels which have recently been stuck to the suitcases of Fraser Harris, born and educated in St. John's, and a master of statistical techniques. Indeed, Fraser Harris has become such a leader in his profession that he is a member by special invitation of a sub-committee on Still Births and Abortions of the World Health Organization!

The path to this honor began in St. John's after Mr. Harris graduated from Dalhousie University. He was employed by the Newfoundland Government and was Officer in Charge of Payroll and Statistical Information of the Department of Finance. In that position he sent out the civil service pay cheques, compiled Island trade and vital statistics, and counted Island noses in the 1945 census. Shortly after Confederation, Mr. Harris accepted an invitation to become Director of Health and Welfare Statistics of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in Ottawa.

He now has charge of Canada's birth and death records. He can give you the answers to such questions as:



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What are the nation's mortality trends? Which diseases carry off most Canadians? What is the state of Canada's industrial health? How many hospitals are there and where are they located and how many patients can they serve? It is a fascinating, as well as a responsible, position.

To keep him fully aware of what is happening in his field in other parts of the world, the Bureau bosses send Mr. Harris to far places. Last March he spent a week in London at the office of the Registrar General seeing just how the United Kingdom collects and uses its statistics. During that week, Mr. Harris had the thrill of watching the Royal Procession at the opening of the British Parliament. Leaving London, Mr. Harris went to gay Paris, but merely to attend the meeting of the World Health Organization's sub-Committee on Still Births

and Abortions, which dealt with problems that may have started off gaily enough but which ended gloomily.

Mr. Harris now calls Ottawa his home town, having sold his house in St. John's and bought what he considers an ideal house in an ideal Ottawa location. It is on the bank of the Rideau River, and from his front door he can see the historic stream up which Colonel By's engineers paddled in 1826 when they began their survey of the still quite amazing 129-mile Rideau Canal route. Mrs. Harris—born Gwendolyn Tooton of St. John's, and the two smaller Harris, as well as Mr. Harris himself, have fallen in love with Ottawa. In fact, Mr. Harris calls it the most beautiful city he has ever seen; and that praise, after London and Paris and Washington, is really something.



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FOLK SONGS AND YARNS



CONDUCTED BY A. R. SCAMMELL

THE KELLIGREWS' SOIREE

You may talk of Clara Nolan's
ball or anything you choose,
But it couldn't hold a snuff box to
to spree at Kelligrews.

If you want your eyeballs straight-
ened just come out next week
with me

And you'll have to wear your
glasses at the Kelligrews' Soiree.

Chorus:

There was birch rind, tar twine,
cherry wine and turpentine,
Jowls and cavalances, ginger beer
and tea;

Pig's feet, cat's meat, dumplings
boiled in a sheet,

Dandelion and crackies' teeth at
the Kelligrews' Soiree.

Oh, I borrowed Cluny's beaver, as
I squared my yards to sail,
And a swallow-tail from Hogan
that was foxy on the tail;
Billy Cuddahie's old workin' pants
and Patsy Nolan's shoes,
And an old white vest from
Fogarty to sport at Kelligrews.

Chorus:

There was Dan Milley, Joe Lilly,
Tantan and Mrs. Tilley,
Dancing like a little filly, 'twould
raise your heart to see,
Jim Brine, Din Ryan, Flipper
Smith and Caroline,
I tell you boys, we had a time at
the Kelligrews' Soiree.

Now when I arrived at Betsy
Snooks' that night at half past
eight,

The place was blocked with car-
riages stood waiting at the gate;
With Cluny's funnel on my pate,
the first words Betsy said:

"Here comes the local preacher
with the pulpit on his head."

Chorus:

There was Bill Mews, Dan Hughes,
Wilson, Taft, and Teddy Roose,
While Bryant he sat in the blues
and looking hard at me;

Jim Fling, Tom King, and Johnson
champion of the ring,

And all the boxers I could bring,
at the Kelligrews' Soiree.

"The Saritoga Lancers first," Miss
Betsy kindly said,

Sure I danced with Nancy Cronan
and her Grannie, on the "Head";
And Hogan danced with Betsy, O
you should have seen his shoes,
As he lashed old muskets from the
rack that night at Kelligrews.

Crooked Flavin struck the fiddler,
and a hand I then took in,
You should see George Cluny's
beaver as it flattened to the rim!
And Hogan's coat was like a vest,
the tails were gone, you see,
"Oh," says I, "The devil haul ye
and your Kelligrews' Soiree."

Chorus:

There was boiled guineas, cold
guineas, bullocks' heads and
picaninies,

And everything to catch the
pennies, you'd break your sides
to see;

Boiled duff, cold duff, apple jam
was in a cuff,

I tell you boys, we had enough at
the Kelligrews' Soiree.

(Johnny Burke)

● Of all Mr. Burke's compositions, the above song is perhaps the greatest favorite. It is impossible to sing it without being carried back to the good old breakdown square dances that used to be, and I hope still are, a feature of Newfoundland social life. Cer-

tainly that dance at Kelligrews must have been a classic, with the nimble Hogan showing the way, and Grannie Cronan defying the years as she danced the Lancers. God bless her merry old heart!

Our hero in the song seems to have gone to a lot of trouble to make sure he wouldn't be wearing anything that didn't belong to somebody else. No doubt he wanted to create an unforgettable impression when he made his entrance and he seems to have succeeded. And the food! None of your light refreshments, sandwiches and pop. A little unorthodox perhaps, but with all that variety it must have been chock full of vitamins.

They Grow 'Em Big Down North

Tall stories flourish on the Labrador—like the 'oldie' about the men from Goose Airport pumping a mosquito full of gas, thinking it was a plane . . . Or the tale of the stouts—big, bloodthirsty insects somewhat resembling horse flies—who take bites the size of teacups and then perch up on the masts to eat them.

But the choicest tale concerns the famous mosquitoes of Northwest River on the Hamilton Inlet. It seems that one day a schooner, all sails set, came gliding into harbor. Out came a welcoming committee of mosquitoes so huge that the badly frightened crew battened down hatches and dived below.

When they came up—no sails.

The next year, the same schooner came into Northwest River again. And out came the same swarm of mosquitoes—each and every one of them wearing white canvas pants.

—ADELAIDE LEITCH.

• Women at Work —————→

Herewith a few of the outstanding "career girls" and social workers of St. John's whose names are well known in the Province.



One of the busiest women in Newfoundland is MRS. MURIEL TEMPLEMAN, Secretary to Premier J. R. Smallwood. She handles an average of 175 letters and telegrams daily, in addition to about 100 phone calls and numerous interview and appointment details. Her first job was with Sir William F. Lloyd, then Registrar of the Supreme Court.



One of the most successful business women of St. John's is MISS MARIAN B. JAMIESON, Manager of the Fruit and Vegetables Division of Canada Packers Ltd., St. John's branch. She was born at Greenspond, B.B., where her father, Dr. D. G. Jamieson, was then practising, later moving to St. John's where she began her career with her present employers.

During the year ending March 31st., 1950, MISS MARGARET F. "PEG" GODDEN, secretary of the Newfoundland Tourist Office, handled 11,238 letters, half of which were in the nature of enquiries about Newfoundland's tourist attractions. This is all in the day's work for Peg Godden who has held her present job since 1927 and is the Island's authority on tourist matters.



Front office of Furness Withy's Newfoundland Travel Agencies, located in the Newfoundland Hotel, is capably administered by MISS FRANCES LINDSAY, M.B.E., whose job has to do with steamship and air travel the world over. For her outstanding work in looking after survivors landed in St. John's during World War II, Miss Lindsay was awarded the M.B.E.



MISS ANNA C. TEMPLETON, Organizer and Secretary of the Jubilee Guilds in Newfoundland, supervises the operation of more than 100 guilds, all of which she has visited at one time or another. A graduate in Household Science from McGill University, Miss Templeton finds her work with the Guilds interesting and challenging. She is assisted in her work by a staff of twelve office and field workers.



In her capacity of Nutritional Adviser to the Provincial Department of Health, **MISS ELLA M. BRETT, B.Sc.**, directs a program of nutritional education which reaches out into the schools and organized adult groups on an Island-wide scale. Miss Brett was born at Moreton's Harbor, N. D. B., and attended Memorial University College and Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.



As secretary of the brokerage firm of B. D. Parsons & Co. Ltd., MISS JEAN McKENZIE has to know her stocks and bonds. That is only one part of her work, however. She is also secretary of the Old Colony Club, hub of the city's night life and social functions; and with equal efficiency and thoroughness she keeps the book and accounts of the King's Bridge Realty Company.



Taking down what other people say accurately and quickly is the special skill of MRS. HILDA FINN, who was one of the reporters of the National Convention and secretary to the delegation that went to London. Mrs. Finn has worked as a Supreme Court reporter, secretary to the Mill Manager at Corner Brook, Arbitration Board reporter, and is presently with the Royal Commission enquiring into the cost of living.



To those who contribute to the Blood Bank at St. John's this picture of MISS MABEL CARNELL, R.N., who is in charge of this important centre, will strike a familiar note. Miss Carnell handles, with an assistant, an average of 180 donors monthly, of whom about 90% are men. She was graduated from the Grace Hospital in 1944, has done some private nursing in addition to service with the Dept. of Public Health.



Outstanding among social workers in Newfoundland is MRS. A. C. HOLMES, M.B.E., of St. John's, whose untiring activity on behalf of visiting servicemen during the war is part of the legend of the famed Caribou Hut. Mrs. Holmes was of great help to war brides who came to settle in Newfoundland. She takes a great interest in public affairs and believes that women have a place in civic and national politics.



NEWFOUNDLAND ACADEMY OF ART

● Something new for St. John's is the Academy of Art, opened in October of last year at 51 Cochrane Street by a husband-wife team, Reginald Shepherd, G.Y.A., A.O.C.A., and Helen S. Parsons,

A.O.C.A., both graduates of the Ontario College of Art. Aim of the Newfoundland Academy of Art is "to develop higher technical and aesthetic standards in art and to train younger artists in this Province to take their place in the art world; to develop latent talent in older students so that they may gain pleasure from the study of Drawing and Painting." Reginald Shepherd (see arrow, above), did research at the Metropolitan Museum and the Frick Gallery in New York before returning to his native land. Mrs. Shepherd specializes in Portraiture (see cover) and completed several portrait commissions in Toronto prior to returning home. In addition to running weekly classes at their Academy-home, the Shepherds teach Art at several St. John's colleges. Mr. Shepherd was born in 1924 at Portugal Cove where his father, R. W. Shepherd, now of South River, C. B., was then teaching. Mrs. Shepherd's father is the well known St. John's lawyer, R. A. Parsons.

RETA CRAVEN

"Lady of the House" on a frozen freighter

by ADELAIDE LEITCH

WHEN she pushes back the living room drapes on a winter morning, the view from her parlor window is over the bow of a winterbound freighter. When she decides to do her Monday washing, the water must be brought up the gangplank from a shed on shore, and when she cooks dinner for two, she must wrestle



with a stove designed to appease the appetites of thirty or forty ravenously hungry seamen.

Then, in the spring, when she moves back on shore, both her home and her husband pick up and sail out of the harbor. But, otherwise, life is much the same as in a cozy apartment on shore in Toronto.

Mrs. Reta Craven is one Newfoundlander who left the sea but couldn't get away from ships. She and her husband, Steve, have been ship-keeping together for two winters now—first on the "Ashcroft", then on the "Burlington", and chances are that they may continue to do so for winters to come.

No Lake freighter can be left unguarded in the winter months—the insurance companies require that a keeper live on board and, when the "Burlington" came nosing into Toronto harbor last fall, Canada Steamship Lines assigned it as "home" to the Steve Cravens. In housing-conscious Toronto, it became the ideal apartment—within walking distance of downtown, but with all the advantages of a detached suburban apartment.

Sundays and holidays, friends began dropping in—with the surprised query, "But **how** do you live on a ship?"

Learning how was simple—and pleasant. On many a winter night,

there was a rousing Newfoundland square dance in the parlor—which used to be the ship's dining room before the long, ship's table was moved out and the radio, couch and easy chairs moved in. Mealtime might bring a real Newfoundland dinner—everything cooked together in a big pot on the stove. Now and then, a big parcel was delivered to the ship, and inside were such tidbits as cod tongues, salt cod, lobster, moose and bakeapple preserves. And when Reta went uptown to work or to do the shopping, one of her favorite outfits included a finely-woven Newfoundland skirt from the Codroy Valley on the west coast.

Mrs. Craven—who was Reta Pinel of Burgeo—headed for Toronto in 1942, and went to work, as did many Newfoundland girls, in a war plant. Afterwards, she moved on to the Parker Pen Company. The wanderlust that took her away from Newfoundland she inherited from her mother who, as a slip of a girl, headed for North Sydney, then for Vancouver. (But later she came back home to the island, married and settled down there.) Reta's father was in the carpentry trade, but with her fishermen uncles she sometimes went along on the schooners.

When she married, she married a man of the sea—Steve Craven from Port McNicoll on Georgian Bay. He'll sail as first mate on the "Burlington" this season, but he has his master's papers and Reta will be a captain's wife as soon as there is a ship available.

Married a little over a year, she

kept ship the first winter in Windsor, Ontario, with skyscraper skyline of Detroit beyond her porthole windows. The crew of the "Ashcroft" had thoughtfully left for her all their dishes and cooking utensils—king-sized ones in which "dinners for two" were practically lost in space.

Her second ship home, the "Burlington," at least provided a few smaller saucepans. But the stove had two yawning ovens, an enormous top and an eternal appetite for coal that might have been a problem for some one used to a dainty hotplate, perhaps, or a small electric range.

"Fortunately," she laughed, "I didn't have too much trouble with it. It was the same kind we used to have at home."

The big ship's refrigerator—large enough to swallow up a whole Sunday school picnic, hair bows and all—was not used at all by the ship-keeping couple, who found that winter in Toronto

Occasionally, before the freeze-up, her home afloat developed a slight tremor but normally, except for the portholes behind the curtains, the apartment on board ship might have been an apartment on shore—either in Toronto or in Burgeo.

The wind and hail whipped around her windows some winter nights—but she had no housing problem when she moved in . . . no landlord . . . and no complaints from other tenants when they had company on board and perhaps a dance (a particularly rousing Newfoundland square dance) into the wee sma' hours of the morning.



The Caulking Iron and Mallet

by DON W. S. RYAN

MAY is the month of the caulking iron and the mallet, of the blended smell of pitch and tar and oakum and fresh barked twine, of kellick making and rope splicing, of sail mending and stage repairing—it is the fishermen's month, more so than any other time of the year, for May brings quick income-producing salmon to every cove around our coast and reminds fishermen that the cod are preparing their mass invasion of the inshore grounds.

Stroll down to the beaches in any outport in May and listen to the dull metallic beat of the wooden mallet on the caulking iron as the fishermen wedge the seams of their boats tight with oakum. Walk along where they are and fill your nostrils with the stingy smell of pitch and tar and smoke as they dip the old tar mop in the iron pot or burn it over the

bottom of their boats to make the seams water tight.

This is how the fishermen are now preparing their boats for the salmon fishery which generally begins around mid-May and lasts until the end of June. It is a season of great expectations or bitter disappointments, for the salmon run is as uncertain as the cod and there are good seasons and bad ones.

May is the busiest month for the fishermen. The gardens wait to be dug and sowed at the time that the salmon are striking the nets in encouraging numbers. Garden fences are to be repaired at the same time that the salmon nets and traps need final inspection and barking and the boats require caulking and tarring. The beaches and coves come alive in May, and this is the time when fishermen rise with the sun and retire after dusk, when the day is a full two-thirds of toil and one-third of rest.



Fishing in Newfoundland is the finest kind of sport, both for those who travel a long way to ply their rods on the salmon rivers and for the boys who can load their "gads" with trout at the mouth of nearby streams.

Let's Go

May 24th is the big day for trout fishermen in Newfoundland. The first spring holiday—officially in honor of Queen Victoria—finds every angler who can get away on his favorite stream or pond from early morning until nightfall. It is the only day in the year when the Railway runs "Trouters' Specials" out of St. John's. City stores add to the excitement by running contests for the biggest catch.

Officially the trout fishing season opens January 15th, for other than sea or rainbow trout, and continues until September 15th. Legal catch is 36 in one day. For sea trout the dates are May 15th to September 15th, with a limit of 24 in one day. The season for Rainbow Trout is from June 1st to November 30th,



Fishing !

and up to 36 may be taken in one day.

Somewhat outnumbered by the trouters, but none the less enthusiastic, the salmon fishermen join the May 24th exodus to the woods. To ply a rod on scheduled salmon rivers a resident pays a season license of \$5, which also covers sea trout. (For non-residents the salmon-and-sea-trout license is \$30 for the season or \$3 per day). The legal catch is 8 salmon in one day.

Once away to a good start on May 24th, ardent Newfoundland anglers follow the familiar trails to the rivers and lakes throughout the summer, to be joined from June onwards by non-resident fishermen who have come to know where sport fishing at its finest can be enjoyed.



Of course the chief prize of the fisherman is the game Atlantic salmon for which such Newfoundland rivers as the Humber and the Serpentine are famous, but fishing for trout through the ice in winter can be fun too.



There's A Trail Leading Back

There's a trail leading back
To my homeland tonight;
I see rolling hills
Softly clothed in white.
The sea-gulls are winging
And wild waves are singing—
In Newfoundland. Homeland.
My dreamland tonight.

There's a trail leading back
To my homeland today;
I see a trim schooner
Far off on the bay.
Her white sails in motion,
She skims o'er the ocean,
In Newfoundland. Homeland.
My dreamland today.

There's a trail leading back
To days now past by.
Some echoes, oft remembered,
Bring a tear to the eye—
Red berries, bright flowers,

Oh! gay blissful hours,
In Newfoundland. Homeland.
With dreams now past by.

There's a trail leading back
Down a long winding road;
My heart thrills to laughter
Remembered of old.
White northern lights glowing,
Keen wintry winds blowing,
In Newfoundland. Homeland.
Beloved land of old.

There's a trail leading back
To where dreams never cease;
And often when wearied,
The soul finds release.
For in dreamland a-meeting,
Dear friends I am greeting,
In Newfoundland. Homeland.
Dear land, my heart's ease.
—Blanche Gilbert Baxter.
Halifax, N. S.

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Don't Burn It
And Make It
Look Like Hell-

PHOTOSTORY BY CYRIL MARSHALL

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN GOES ON
AN INSPECTION TOUR WITH THE
FIRE PROTECTION ASSOCIATION

FOREST PROTECTION



From the wooded hillsides of White Bay, from the beautiful valley of the Exploits and from the fertile watersheds of the Humber, Gander and Terra Nova Rivers, tens of thousands of cords of pulpwood are moved down the waterways each year to feed the hungry paper mills at Grand Falls and Corner Brook.

Of the Island's total area of 43,000 square miles about 14,000 square miles comprise exploitable forest. In 1948, some 12,000 workers earned nearly thirty million dollars converting the products of these forests into newsprint and pulp for export, and lumber for local building. Here indeed is security by the acre for thousands of Newfoundlanders.

The Island's moist, temperate climate is eminently suited for forest growth and particularly for the Balsam fir which makes up the major part of the forest crop. Cut-over areas regenerate naturally

and speedily and it has been said that in Newfoundland there is sufficient timber acreage for normal cutting in perpetuity.

The stark truth is, however, that our forest assets are being seriously depleted by violently destructive forces, the most menacing of which is the forest fire. Statistics show that over twenty percent of our forests have been destroyed by fire since 1900.

Forest fires let loose a fire cracker chain reaction that has a direct or indirect effect on the lives of every single resident of the Province. Some of these effects might be listed as follows: timber destroyed; loss of production in other activities while fighting fire; actual cost of fighting fire, including possible loss of equipment; unemployment through loss of timber areas; loss of food supply as wild life is destroyed; loss of housing and personal belongings if fire occurs in populated area; loss of revenue from Tourist trade.

The ever increasing demand in the world markets for forestry products of all kinds has brought an intensity to woods operations undreamed of a few short years ago. New cutting areas have been





developed, mill facilities so expanded that production has been more than doubled. All this expansion has thrown an extraordinary demand on our timber resources.

It was against such a background that it became apparent that something more than a fire fighting service was necessary. Although fire has been, and always will be, the major menace, there are other destructive forces which can, if not controlled, lay waste even the most productive forest areas. Insects, disease, climate, and even the woodcutter let loose with his axe to cut indiscriminately, all can be agents of forest destruction.

The Newfoundland Forest Protection Association is not merely a forest fire prevention organization, but as its name implies, a preventative body constantly seeking out and removing hazards which threaten our forested areas.

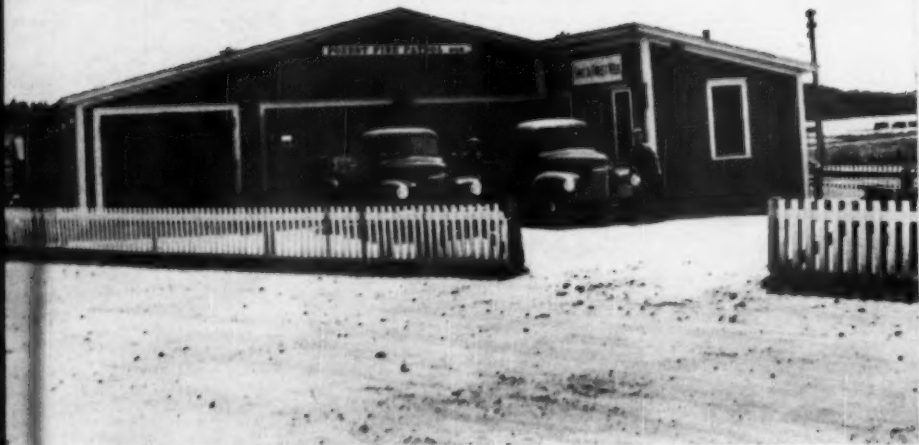
Since 1948 the Island has been divided into three sections for the purposes of forest protection, the Department of Natural Resources being responsible for the Avalon Peninsula, the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company for the middle section and Bowater's for the western area.

In addition to the valuable co-operation and financial aid given the N.F.P.A., the member paper companies and the Government each

operate forest protection organizations of their own. Cost to the companies to protect their limits varies from year to year. The usual cost may be between \$10,000 and \$25,000, while in a bad year it has run to \$150,000. It is significant that on areas now under control of one of the companies, an average of 66,000 acres a year were burned during the ten years before they were acquired as timber limits. This loss has been reduced to 11,500 acres since their acquisition. Keeping forest fire losses to a minimum means more productive forests and a perpetual source of raw material for the companies' mills. Mr. Albert Martin of Bowater's is Chairman of the N.F.P.A. while Mr. F. R. Hayward, A.N.D. Company, is Secretary.

The Newfoundland Government is a member of the N.F.P.A. through the Department of Natural Resources. The Fire Patrol Act of 1948 provided for financial assistance to the Association out of the Consolidated Revenue Fund for a sum not to exceed \$20,000 a year. Headquarters of the DNR Forest Fire Patrol is at Whitbourne, where a substantial amount of mobile fire equipment is ready at all times for immediate action. Mr. H. V. E. Smith is Chief Fire Warden for the Government and also their representative in N.F.P.A.





Headquarters of the government's Forest Fire Patrol is at Whitbourne where mobile equipment stands ready for action.

During the past 21 years the Association has spent nearly \$600,000 in forest fire prevention in the Province. The direct expense to the taxpayers, for the same effort during the same period, was \$206,000, that being the total contributions of the Government to the Association.

Lightning as a major cause of forest fires is now fully recognized. During the summer of 1949 several fires were caused from this source. The land settlement of Cormac in the Upper Humber area was seriously threatened by a lightning-ignited fire which covered 25 square miles. Six square miles of forest in the Hall's Bay area and several square miles in the Upper Gander drainage were burned as a result of lightning. Crews totalling 300 men using 19 pumps were necessary to bring these latter two fires under control.

Aircraft were used for the first time to move men and equipment to a major fire area, and it was their quick dispatch to the scene that saved the situation in these areas.

The Railway right-of-way continues to be an area of high fire hazard. Eighty percent of all fires reported in 1946 and 1947 were railway fires. There were, during the same period, twenty times as many railway fires per mile of track in Newfoundland as in the other eastern Provinces. The introduction of oil-burning locomotives promises to remedy this alarming condition.

Railway fires are not the only menace with which the N.F.P.A. officials must cope. Besides 386 miles of railway, they patrol over 130 miles of highroads. To careless smokers and picnickers they issue pungent warnings with signs such as is shown on Page 1. The Association was successful in 1948 in obtaining an amendment to the Forest Fire Act, 1933, which now makes it unlawful to drop or throw a match, cigar, cigarette or pipe ash from any vehicle.

A "Fire Prevention Week" is sponsored each year by the N.F.P.A., usually in early June. During this week special radio addresses are given, newspaper articles published and colorful floats with catchy slogans driven through the streets of the City and towns. During this week also N.F.P.A. officials travelling by speeders make an annual inspection trip along the Railway line.

Starting at Tomkins, in the Western area, the official party tour the main line east to Clarendville, detouring to visit Lewisporte, and continuing by road to St. John's by way of Whitbourne. They are the "vigilantes" of the forests and the records show that their good work is beginning to produce results.





"VIGILANTES OF THE FOREST"

Personnel of the 1949 N.F.P.A. inspection tour—front row, left to right: Albert Martin, Bowater's; William Alcock, A.N.D. Co.; H. V. E. Smith, Chief Fire Warden; Dudley Shears, N.F.P.A. Inspector, Western Division; S. E. Pinsent, N.F.P.A. Inspector, Central Division; back row, left to right: A. W. Bentley, former Woods Manager of Bowater's; G. Tunsell, assistant to the Dominion Forester; W. M. Robertson, former Chief Silviculturist with the Dominion government; Stuart Godfrey, Department of Education; D. A. Macdonald, Dominion Forester; F. R. Hayward, A.N.D. Co.; A. R. Penney, Assistant Engineer, C.N.R. Representatives of "Atlantic Guardian" accompanied the N.F.P.A. party.



UNCLE NEDDY KNEW HIS SEAWEED

by BRIAN CAHILL

THE Canadian Chamber of Commerce the other day distributed a booklet about the Canadian seaweed industry in which was advocated a scientific study of the commercial possibilities of this material.

It seems that the stuff is useful as a source of Carrageenin for "fixing" the cocoa in chocolate milk, as a source of sodium alginate used in the manufacture of ice cream, as a source of agar for testing penicillin, as an insulating material, and in numerous other ways.

The booklet is an interesting and no doubt valuable little work compiled by Dr. C. R. Rose of the Division of Applied Biology of the National Research Council.

I am astonished, however, to find no reference whatever in the booklet to the work done on seaweed by my Uncle Ned who lived in a little Newfoundland fishing village not far from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon and who was known for many years as "Seaweed Ned".

The name was given him because of an unique experiment he once conducted into the commercial possibilities of the material which is so plentiful along the shores of his island home.

Uncle Ned's unique experiment took place during the days when The Great Republic to the South was also engaged in a unique experiment called Prohibition, and

when the citizens of the little French islands of St. Pierre and Miqueon were making small fortunes by helping to supply with ardent spirits that stubborn portion of the U. S. populace which wanted no part of Prohibition.

The French islanders were in position to make large amounts of money because no customs duties were collected on the islands. They could import liquor very cheaply from France and sell it at a whopping profit to the fast boats that came from the United States to pick it up.

It was but natural that the Newfoundlanders who lived on the coast near St. Pierre and Miquelon should wish to cut themselves in, as the expression went in those days, on this profitable trade.

It was true that Newfoundland did collect very high customs duties on liquor but the Newfoundlanders figured that if they could slip the stuff quietly across from St. Pierre and stash it at some quiet place along the shore it would not be long before one of the fast boats from the U. S. would be along to take it off their hands.

It was suspected that some of the bolder spirits in Uncle Ned's village were not above this sort of thing and the Newfoundland customs officers and other agents of the law were constantly nosing about trying to catch them at it.

One of the first persons to whom the revenue men always

came to ask if he had noted any suspicious activity among his fellow-villagers was Uncle Ned, a saintly, white-haired old philosopher who was the local J.P. and whose consuming interest in life was to wean the villagers away from the bad habit of fertilizing their gardens with dead fish. He wanted them to use seaweed which, he said, when dried and burned to an ash was a much better and more sanitary fertilizer.

To illustrate his point he had a little garden—Newfoundlanders, by the way, always call their small vegetable patches gardens—on a small island not far from the village. And every now and again, while the other men of the village were sitting about thinking up ways to beat the customs officers, he would set out in his motor boat and could be seen all day gathering seaweed along the shore, loading it into the boat and taking it, at about dusk, toward his island.

One day he was seen, at about dusk, put-put-putting toward his island with his boat very low in the water under a great load of seaweed.

A strong, sudden wind — what the islanders call a squall—came up and his heavily-laden boat was in danger.

Men watching on the beach rushed for their dories but then stopped as they saw a sleek, battleship-grey revenue cutter slip quietly around a point of land and noticed that the men in the cutter had seen Uncle Ned's trouble and were going to the rescue.

There seemed, however, to be

some confusion. Uncle Ned kept waving them away and refused to catch a tow-line they threw to him.

Finally one of the sailors lost patience, took the rope and leaped from the bow of the cutter onto the soft load of seaweed.

The dull thud he made when he "lit", the sharp crack of his breaking leg and the round oath he swore, were distinctly audible upon the beach where the men looked at each other at first with astonishment and then with growing comprehension and amusement as other sailors swarmed aboard Uncle Ned's boat and cleared away a top layer of seaweed to disclose the familiar square cases beneath.

Poor Uncle Ned was known for ever after as "Seaweed Ned".

But he didn't mind very much. He always insisted that the seaweed was good fertilizer and continued to preach its virtues for many years after the repeal of Prohibition.

His preaching was so effective, as a matter of fact, that some of the villagers did actually try out seaweed as fertilizer.

And while, as far as I know, no scientific evaluation of the relative merits of seaweed and dead fish was ever made in the district, Uncle Ned talked and wrote so much about the subject that surely there must be some record in some scientific file somewhere.

Perhaps Dr. Rose, or one of his colleagues, would care to look into the matter.

At any rate I can tell them one thing—the seaweed had the much better smell.

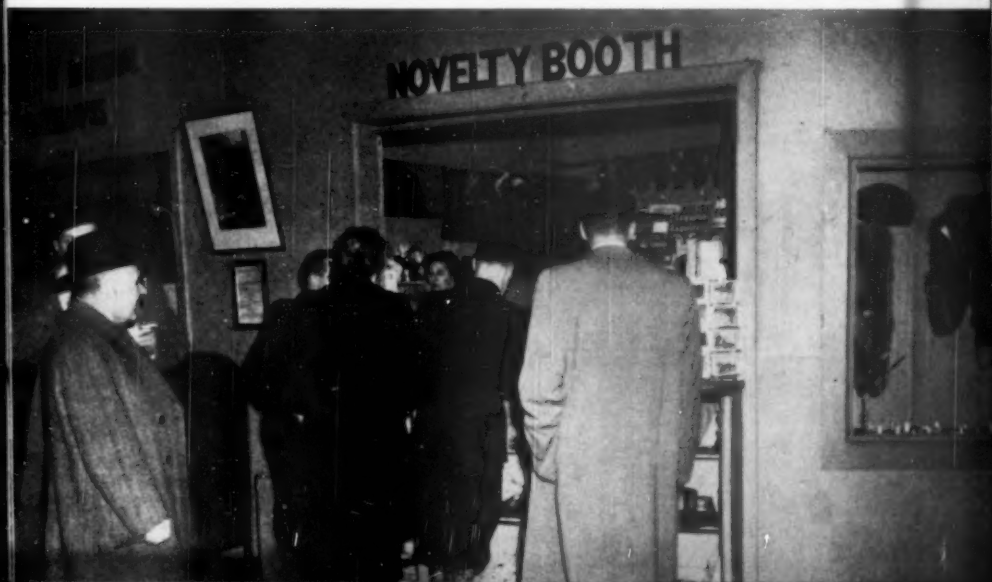


Newfoundland Pictorial Tours

GANDER: Atlantic Crossroads

Second of Two Articles

On May 1st, 1942, Trans-Canada Air Lines inaugurated a daily service to St. John's thus rounding out its coast-to-coast domestic schedule. Gander is a scheduled stop on this all-year service which is stepped up to two planes daily in summer. Newfoundland souvenirs, postcards and periodicals are in great demand at the Terminal's "Novelty Booth" shown below.





● This is what Chestnut Street, Gander, looks like in February. Most of the residents still live in temporary buildings put up during the war. Plans call for a new townsite near the railway station.

GANDER-ATLANTIC CROSSROADS, continued

● Cozy living room of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Mallowney, shown here with their niece, Miss Margaret Ducey, left, is typical of what the Ganderites have made of their temporary quarters.





● The Airlines Hotel is home for most of the unmarried Newfoundland workers at Gander. At present the Hotel has 225 boarders, serves some 1,000 meals per day in main dining room (shown above), is equipped with recreation room, lounge and bar.

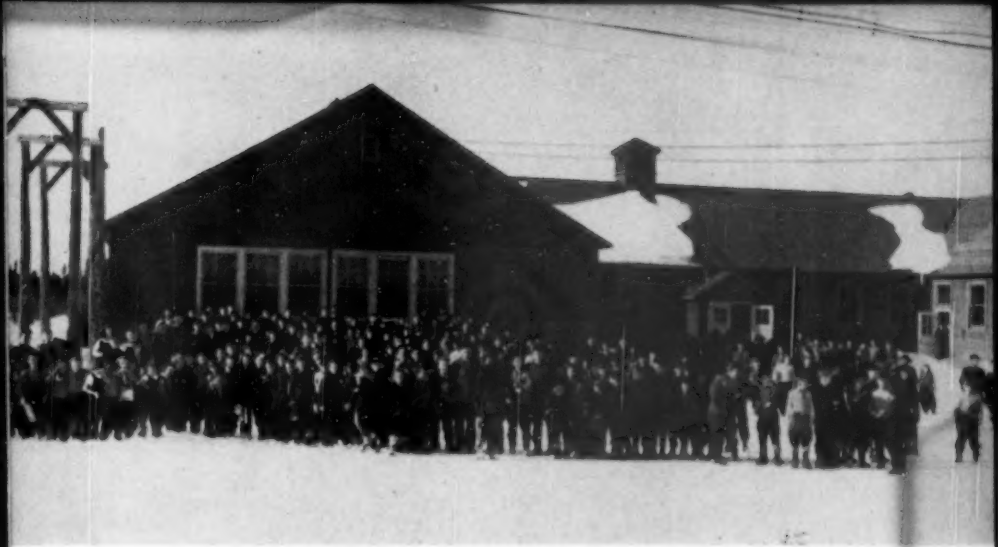
● Banking facilities at Gander are provided by The Royal Bank of Canada which has a staff of six including Manager Jack Austin of Moncton. The branch was opened in 1941 and is a busy spot.





● Elks Club at Gander was organized April 30th, 1948, has an average membership of 120. Exalted Ruler is "Tony" Mullooney. The Elks' pet project is a Home for Blind Children on Prince of Wales Street, St. John's, to which they subscribed \$500 last year; objective for 1950 is \$1000. Picture above was taken when the club was decorated for a Valentine Dance. Employees of British Overseas Airways Corporation at Gander operate the "Caribou Club", complete with bar and dance floor (see below).





● Former military buildings at Gander are put to good advantage to serve the resident community. Above is the Gander Amalgamated School where ten teachers have classes for 371 pupils ranging from Kindergarten to Grade XI. Principal is Mr. W. L. Hunt. Below is St. Joseph's Roman Catholic School, which has three teachers and 110 pupils, under Miss Nellie Ryan, Principal. Parish Priest at Gander is Rev. Fr. P. J. McCarthy, a well-known and popular figure.





● An unused hangar provides Gander with an ideal skating rink where hockey games are played every night in season, on natural ice. Above, a face-off between Gander All-Stars and St. John's Hurricanes.

● There is a lot of passenger traffic in and out of Gander by C.N.R., as well as by air. Employees of the Department of Transport and the various airlines come from all parts of the Island and queues at the C.N.R. ticket office at train time are common.





● Gander has its own broadcasting station, CBG, now part of the C.B.C.'s Trans Canada network. It was taken over from the R.C.A.F. at war's end and operated by the Broadcasting Corporation of Newfoundland until April, 1949. The station was recently moved to larger quarters with better facilities for broadcasting. Shown above are A. W. F. Barrett, Station Manager, and Fel Heath, Announcer-Operator. CBG has a staff of six. Below, left to right, W. J. Strong, Senior Radio Technician, and W. J. Robertson, Technical Supervisor, in the main transmitting room of the Department of Transport's V.O.A.C.





GOOD FOOD for GOOD HEALTH

by ELLA M. BRET

Nutritional Adviser, Dept. of Health,
St. John's.

"**C**OOKERY means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits and balms and spices, and all that is healing and sweet in the fields and groves, and savory in meat. It means the economy of your grandmother and the science of the modern chemist; it means much testing and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art."—Ruskin.

The food that we eat and the actual preparation and cooking of that food are inseparable. It is true that many foods such as fruits may be eaten in their raw state, but there are many others which need to be cooked if they are to be eaten and digested. We could go a step further and say that food which needs to be cooked must be cooked well, retaining good flavor and favorable appearance if we are to get the maximum amount of enjoyment and satisfaction from eating it.

New trends in cookery have been established over the years. In the past, the stress was laid on **how to cook**, now it is realized that **what to cook**, is no less important. The question of what to cook would seem to constitute quite a problem for the average homemaker if one can judge by the number who cry "What, I ask you, am I going to get for supper".

Cooking — Drudgery or an Art ?

A good recipe book outlining the A.B.C. of cookery — how to boil, bake, fry, etc.—may give all the information one needs on how to cook. But unfortunately all recipe books are not good recipe books. The hundreds of poor ones are the type which make the young homemaker rage with some justification. One indignant homemaker puts it this way — "Cake recipes always end with the words 'mix to the usual cake consistency' but how can I be expected to know what that is". A good recipe book has a definite place but just a recipe book is not enough.

The homemaker must know how to plan her family's meals; Nutritionists, Health Educators, the radio and press all try to convince her that her choice of food for her family will largely determine not only their good health but also their good looks! She is told that the food she plans can go a long way towards ensuring glossy hair, skin that is free from blemishes, not to mention the fact that resistance to infection is largely determined by the food her family eats. The homemaker's task then would seem to be an important one. The family food is vital to family health and important to happiness.

But while the scientist is showing the importance of cookery on the one side, there are quite a

number of influences rising on the other. One has been the shrinkage of the kitchen into a mere cupboard with a sink, a place in which one can hardly turn around. Another is the loudly expressed opinion that women were made for better things than household drudgery—equip her with a can opener and a fried fish shop around the corner and her life will blossom like a rose.

To which school of thought is the homemaker to adhere? Is she going to make a venture of faith and accept the studies of the Scientist or is she to be influenced too greatly by the other fellow who maintains that she was made for better things?

A new invention aimed to simplify household work is always welcome to any homemaker and everyone has respect for the can opener as an adjunct of domestic life. No one can cook for 30 years without occasionally getting tired of it, but a lot of drudgery can be taken out of work by putting some interest in it. The homemaker who is interested in serving enjoyable and attractive meals, in keeping her family well fed and at the same time curtailing expenditure to fit in with the budget can not regard the planning, preparation and serving of food as drudgery. For this homemaker it is a four point program and an interesting one.

1. To serve enjoyable meals.
2. To keep the family well nourished.
3. To practice thrift when need be.
4. To save time and energy when possible.

Probably the most interesting

phase of cookery today is the one that is receiving ever increasing emphasis—cooking food so that it retains as much as possible of its original nutritive value. Stress is laid on eating for health but at the same time incorrect methods of cooking the food that is eaten may destroy much of its health giving virtues. Food should be cooked so that it not only retains flavor and has appetite appeal, but conserves food value as well.

Vegetables may contribute a great deal to our "pot dinner" from the standpoint of economy, variety, color and food value. But the point as to whether they contribute the most that they have to offer depends on the way they are cooked. Science has proven that though vegetables as a group are very nourishing as they come from the ground, they may actually contribute little food value by the time they reach our tables. Over-cooking may destroy more than half of at least one of the important elements found in vegetables. Cabbage, to take a well known and probably favorite vegetable of Newfoundlanders, when cooked for an hour or more with salt beef loses twice as much of its valuable health substances as if it were cooked for twenty minutes. The best way to cook cabbage is to cut it in thin wedges or shred it and place it in the pot fifteen or twenty minutes before the meal is to be served. Cabbage cooked in this way retains not only the flavor of salt beef or pork but good food value as well.

In Newfoundland, vegetables take the place of fruits as a source of Vitamin C, a substance which is found in significant amounts



only in fruits and vegetables. Since we must depend to a large extent on vegetables as a source of Vitamin C, and since this substance is a most unstable one, being readily soluble in water and subject to excess heat, we should pay great attention to cooking vegetables correctly in order to conserve the substance. The two most important rules to be observed in cooking all vegetables are:

1. Cook for a short period of time.
2. Cook in a small amount of water.

The following are the steps in

cooking root vegetables such as turnips and carrots to conserve the greatest original food value.

1. Peel thinly.
2. Plunge in a small amount of boiling water.
3. Cover the pot and keep it covered.
4. Cook quickly until just tender.
5. Serve immediately.
6. Use the cooking liquid in soups and gravies.

Since health as "Canada's Health and Welfare" says, is like democracy, worth fighting for, surely it is worth the trouble of careful preparation of food.

◀ Opposite Page

MONTREAL "HOME AND SCHOOL" BROADCAST FEATURES NEWFOUNDLAND

On Saturday, April 1st, the Quebec Federation of Home and School featured in their weekly broadcast over Station CFCF in Montreal a special Newfoundland program to mark the first anniversary of the Island's entry into the Canadian family. It took the form of an imaginary visit to Newfoundland by Mrs. William Bulford, broadcasting associate of the organization. Meeting a group of Newfoundlanders on the "Cabot Strait", she chats with them about the new province, hears the "Squid Jiggin' Ground", and makes the cross-country run to St. John's. On the way she pays a short visit to Corner Brook and Seldom-Come-By, to get the sharply contrasted atmosphere of a paper town and an outport. At St. John's she learns something about the history of certain landmarks, is taken to the Memorial College and hears the student body sing the "Ode" at the conclusion of an imaginary assembly marking the first anniversary of confederation. Such is the magic of the microphone that she does all this in less than fifteen minutes. The picture shows those taking part, left to right, front row: Allan Ramsay (Montreal), Mrs. Ches Milley, Mrs. A. R. Scammell, Miss Georgia Gill, Wm. Bulford (organist), Mrs. Thomas Anthony (sitting), Mrs. Wm. Bulford (at microphone), A. R. Scammell, Doug Kneen (Home and School announcer), Jack Hemming (Station engineer); left to right, back row: Harry Baker, Ches Milley, Kenneth Holmes, Miss Gwen Skanes, Miss Monica Bulford, Wm. Petty (Director of program), Wm. Chapman, Barry Ogden (engineer), Gus Bourne, Hudson Davis.



In expressing greetings to Newfoundland, British Columbia seeks an opportunity of demonstrating her goodwill in a tangible way.

The recent gift of a GOLDEN MACE to the government of Canada's Atlantic bastion, bearing the inscription "PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE OF NEWFOUNDLAND BY THE PEOPLE OF THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1950," is a formal expression of welcome from

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The beautiful mace was fashioned from native silver and gold by British Columbia craftsmen.

Through development of trade the bond between Newfoundland and British Columbia can be strengthened. As the expansion of trade takes place, it is hoped that Newfoundland will be able to take advantage of the many facilities provided through

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The British Columbia Department of Trade and Industry invites enquiries in respect to all phases of manufacturing and commerce, and is very desirous of placing all her facilities at the disposal of business men and industrialists in the new eastern province.

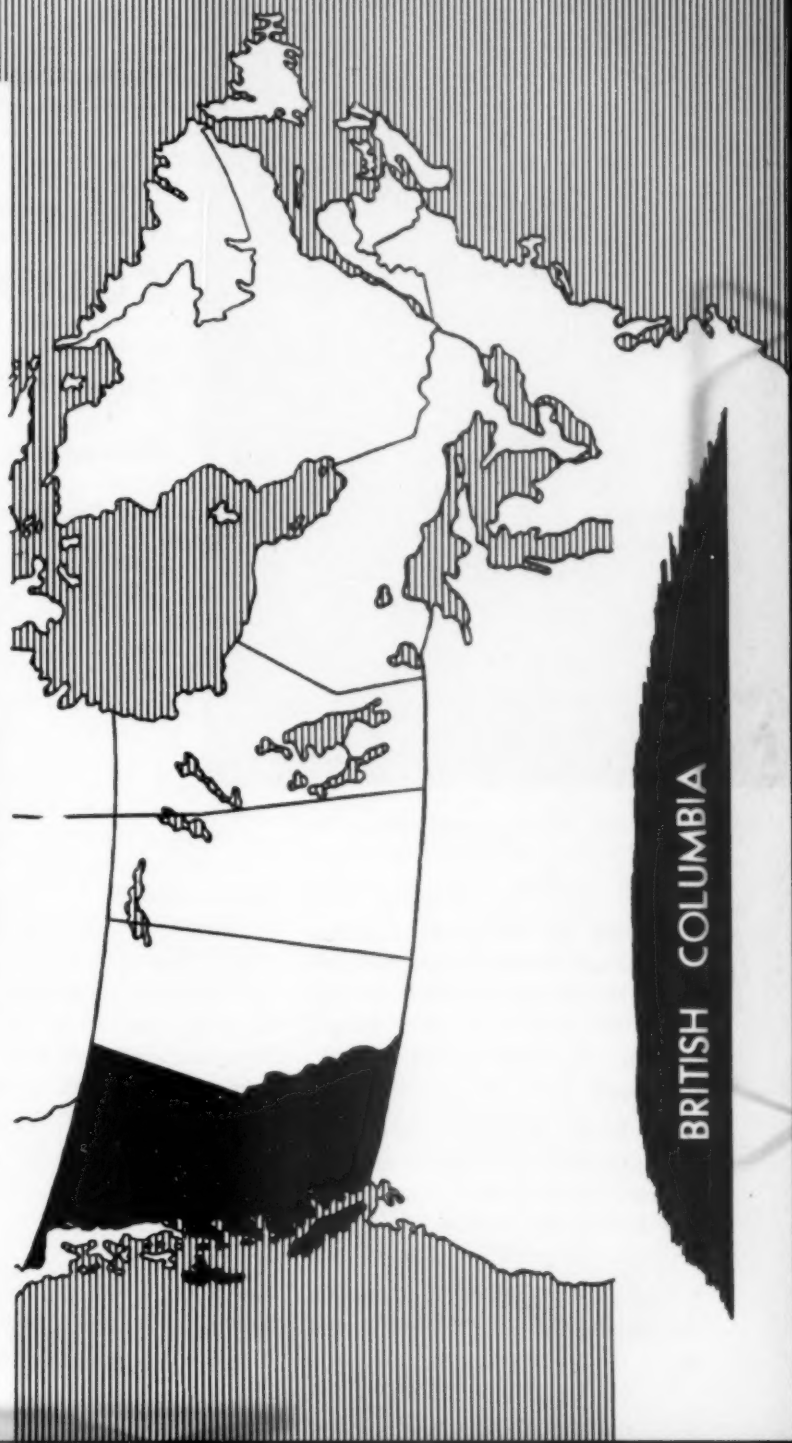
DEPARTMENT OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

E. G. Rowebottom,
Deputy Minister.

Hon. Leslie H. Eyres,
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the Pacific**



HON. BYRON I. JOHNSON
Premier of British Columbia

IT IS doubtful whether any section of the world can review the past few years with so much satisfaction or look to the years ahead with so much justification for optimism as British Columbia.

So much progress has been made recently in every phase of the economic, industrial, commercial and social life of this great province that the visionaries of even a decade ago have been far outstripped and the foundation has

been well laid for the full development of a truly great empire west of the Rockies.

To the average person, unfamiliar with the Province, British Columbia suggests a vast playground rather than an industrial centre. Actually it is both, and the industrial aspect has been developed enormously in recent years.

Third Largest Province

Its area of 366,255 square miles makes it the third largest Pro-

vince, and larger by 50,000 square miles than the combined States of Washington, Oregon, and California — or, to use a European parallel, approximately equal to the combined areas of the United Kingdom, France, Holland, Belgium, and Denmark. On the other hand, its population numbers over 1,114,000, or just under three persons to the square mile, as against the dense congestion of North-western Europe.

To dwell briefly on the history of British Columbia, mythology credits the Chinese with discovery of North-western America, but history is indefinite on the point, and the story of British Columbia did not begin to crystallize until late in the sixteenth century, when Sir Francis Drake sailed up from the coast of Chile in search of the North-west Passage, and named the territory looming dimly on his quarter New Albion. Then followed a series of Spanish expeditions, all more or less abortive, until 1778, when Captain James Cook effected a landing at Nootka—on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Cook met his death soon afterwards in the Hawaiian group, but his discoveries were made public and inspired a number of successful ventures. A lucrative trade developed, and Spain, jealous of her supremacy on the Pacific, was moved to reprisals. A trading-station established at Nootka by Captain John Meares was seized and his ships destroyed, and Nootka became for a time an important base, from which numerous exploratory cruises were made; much of the nomenclature of the lower coast is Spanish to this day. The attack

on Meares aroused a strong hostility in England, whose attitude became so threatening that Spain withdrew her purely arbitrary claim and relinquished the North-west Coast on October 28th, 1790, by the Treaty known as the "Nootka Convention". Captain George Vancouver sailed in April, 1791, with instructions formally to take possession, and on August 28th, 1792, Vancouver Island passed definitely into possession of Great Britain.

In 1793 Alexander Mackenzie, of the North West Company, on his epochal journey from coast to coast, made his way into what is now British Columbia, to be followed presently by his colleagues, Simon Fraser and David Thompson, and a little later by David Stuart, the latter in the interests of John Jacob Astor. With them began the era of the fur brigades, whose depots soon were dotted here and there throughout the virgin wilderness. A bitter rivalry was current between the great Fur Companies, which subsided finally in the absorption of the North West by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. From that date the Hudson's Bay became the active agent in the development of British Columbia.

In the meantime, the actual ownership of the vast territory enclosed in the loop of the Columbia was in dispute. Great Britain and the United States both were claimants, and it was not until June 15th, 1846, that the 49th parallel was defined as the International Boundary, "to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's

Island". But while negotiations were still in progress, the Company was preparing to withdraw from the Columbia, and was established in new headquarters at Fort Victoria in 1843. With that withdrawal it ceased to operate in the United States and began gradually to transfer its interests to British territory.

Colony to Province

In 1849 Vancouver Island became a Crown Colony, and Richard Blanshard was commissioned to represent the Crown. He found the position to be purely a sinecure, since the Island and its resources were owned by the Com-

pany, and resigned almost at once. James Douglas, the Company's chief officer, was appointed to succeed him and governed the Island, and later the mainland, until 1864, when he retired with a knighthood.

Discovery of gold in exciting quantities in the sand-bars of the Fraser brought a tremendous influx to the mainland, and in August, 1858, the British Government defined the boundaries and proclaimed the Mainland Colony of British Columbia with Douglas as its Governor. A site for a capital was selected where stands the City of New Westminster, incorporated in 1860, and the capital during the separate existence of

A view of downtown Vancouver with the Marine Building silhouetted against the North Shore mountains.





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the Mainland Colony. For a time the colonies functioned as separate entities until it became evident that their interests lay together, and in November, 1866, the two were made one. New Westminster remained the capital of the United Colonies until 1868, when Victoria was proclaimed the seat of Government.

From the Confederation of 1867 British Columbia held itself apart. Isolated by the Rocky Mountains, its sole channel of communication with the East was by way of San Francisco and the Union Pacific Railway, or by the laborious doubling of Cape Horn. Naturally, in those circumstances, the East knew very little of British Columbia and was strongly hostile to the suggestion of a railway, without which the Colony proposed to remain aloof. However, in 1870 terms were accepted by the Dominion Government which embodied the construction of a railway from coast to coast, and in 1871 British Columbia became finally and irrevocably a part of the Dominion of Canada. The first train reached the coast from the east over the Canadian Pacific Railway in July, 1886, and the long isolation was over.

Since then, British Columbia's development has been steady rather than eventful. The coming of the railway ushered in an era of construction, and the Province opened and expanded under its influence. The Canadian Pacific extended tap-roots into the Okanagan and the Kootenays and drew sustenance from the important farming and mining activities. Industry emerged from the chrysalis and entered upon a new phase

of organized expansion and development. A great accession of confidence spread abroad, and the country came alive to the hum and bustle of enormous enterprise.

Remarkable developments took place in the years immediately preceding the First World War, when a vigorous programme of railway-construction was inaugurated to tap the latent wealth of the northern region. The National Transcontinental (or, commonly, the Grand Trunk Pacific) was extended from the Yellowhead Pass to the Coast, to open up the rich lands of the Nechako and Bulkley Valleys and provide an outlet for an area immensely rich in minerals. Prince Rupert came into being as the terminal, and swiftly became a thriving port and the seat of important activities. At the same time, the Canadian Northern Pacific was built through the valley of the North Thompson and along the Fraser to Vancouver. Both were absorbed some years ago by the Canadian National Railways.

In the days when a railway first was mooted, the Province ceded certain lands to the Dominion Government, known afterwards as the "Railway Belt" and the "Peace River Block," and comprising some 11,000,000 acres and 3,500,000 acres respectively, and until 1930 those areas were alienated from Provincial control. Negotiations were opened some years ago for their return, and on February 19th, 1930, the pact was signed which restored them to the people of British Columbia. Settlement of the Railway Belt developed concurrently with the railway, but a brisk influx has

taken place lately into the Peace River Block, which has splendid possibilities as a grain-growing region.

The railway known as the Pacific Great Eastern is purely Provincial, and was designed to form a connecting-link between the main transcontinental systems.

In a country so enormous and so richly endowed with timber, minerals, water-power, and fruitful soil, naturally the opportunities for development in British Columbia are very great; and when one takes into account its strategic position upon the trade routes of the world, its economic importance becomes apparent at once.

Climate is Attractive

The climate for the most part is suave and cool, and ideal for the development of the highest industrial efficiency. Raw materials are present in prodigal abundance, and the greatest market of this reconstructed world is directly at its doors. Living conditions are delightful, and the social amenities such as to attract the most fastidious. It is served by two great transcontinental railways, has an unparalleled coastal service, and its ocean ports are open the year around. With those advantages, it is not surprising that British Columbia appeals to those with sufficient capital to establish themselves.

It is freely admitted that a brilliant future is in store for the Pacific North-west, which means British Columbia so far as Canada and the British Commonwealth

are concerned. The railway changed its whole economic status from an isolated outpost to a vital factor in Canadian development, and the Panama Canal revolutionized its industrial outlook. World trade shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific and inevitably the largest city on the American Continent will be on the western seaboard. Competent authorities, with facilities for worldwide observation, favour Vancouver as a great metropolis. Already it has assumed a new importance as the world's chief grain port, and its swelling tide of commerce is a clear indication of the modern trend. Vancouver occupies a commanding position in world trade, and the future holds brilliant prospects for this vigorous city. Colourful, magnetic, and splendidly alive, it offers in itself a shining example of the possibilities inherent to a country which refuses to stagnate.

Victoria, the capital, unquestionably is one of the most charming cities in the Western Hemisphere, with an atmosphere peculiarly its own, not easily analysed, but wonderfully appealing to the person whose tastes incline towards a place of settled and established prosperity.

Both cities are extremely fortunate in their environments, which are strikingly beautiful and contribute enormously to the pleasure of living in them.

The city of Vancouver was incorporated in April, 1886, and it soon began to draw to itself the major portion of the tide of capital and immigration, until now, it ranks as Canada's third city and bids fair to becoming its leading

port. Its magnificent facilities have made it the seat of a vast industrial activity and the focal point of a huge population. The latest figures give Greater Vancouver a population of 504,925 and Greater Victoria of 115,450.

From the industrial standpoint, New Westminster ranks second in importance and Victoria third. The Capital City is residential rather than industrial, and while its industries are highly important, they do not occupy the picture to the same extent as in those cities whose industries have made them prominent. The adjoining municipality of Esquimalt, however, has unique facilities for ship-repairing and kindred trades, and the second largest dry-dock on the American continent.

Logging is Big Business

Naturally in a province so situated, with timber, minerals, and land in such overwhelming quantity, the primary industries are extractive; that is to say, they rest upon the process of extracting the raw materials from the soil and from the sea. Logging and lumbering come first, followed normally by mining, agriculture, and commercial fishing. But, apart from these, enormous strides have been made in the field of manufacturing, and British Columbia has advanced from a position of small importance in that regard to third place among the provinces as a producer of manufactured goods.

Topographically, the country is rugged. Aeons ago, the slow-moving ice-cap gouged it into wide trenches parted by stubborn

ridges, and in those well-watered valleys is found most of the arable land of the province. Climatic conditions vary quite considerably, from the gently humid atmosphere of the Coast to the much drier air of the central parts, where the rainfall is slight and irrigation essential.

It is on the Coast that the forest-growth attains its highest development, and the slopes are covered with dense stands of magnificent timber — unquestionably the finest softwood stand in the British Empire. Everywhere the country is highly mineralized, with a store of every metal found on the American Continent. Its valleys are wonderfully fertile,

and seem capable of producing practically any crop other than those indigenous to the tropics. Its broad estuaries lend themselves admirably to the propagation of the salmon, and the vast feeding-grounds along the rim of the offshore deeps are thronged with halibut and cod.

Climatic and soil conditions on the Pacific Coast are peculiarly suitable for the growth of large trees, and while it is true that really large specimens are found less frequently today, the forests of British Columbia still abound in magnificent stands of Douglas Fir, Cedar, Spruce, and Hemlock.

The logging and lumbering industry still takes foremost place

British Columbia's impressive Parliament Buildings and gardens at Victoria attract thousands of sightseers each year.



in the economic scheme and, for the ten-year period 1939-48, represented an average production value of nearly \$167,000,000. With its numerous ramifications it represents a capital investment, including standing timber, of \$350,000,000 and employs 40,000 workers under normal conditions. The mills are among the largest and best equipped in the world, and are unsurpassed in their facilities for handling, sawing, and fashioning the huge logs which come to them from the woods.

In British Columbia the pioneers were miners. All other activities were subordinated to the search for gold, and the gentler pursuits were neglected or followed only to a limited extent. But the restless movement from "strike" to "strike" had the effect of opening up the country much more rapidly than would normally have been the case, and of awakening an eager curiosity in people whose instincts were pastoral. The Overlanders of 1862 were settlers, lured no doubt by tales of gold scooped in handfuls from the creeks, but still imbued with the idea of settling and making homes for themselves and their posterity.

The great influx of 1858 brought a few farmers and stockmen in its wake, but it was in the period from 1861 to 1866 that men began to give serious attention to the land. Travel was still restricted to the great Cariboo Road, built to give access to the goldfields and forming the thread upon which the settlements were strung, unless in the Okanagan Valley, where the Oblate Fathers had established themselves at Okanagan Mission. However, the years from 1858 saw

a slow infiltration of settlers with their herds, and the Okanagan, Thompson, and Nicola Valleys were given over to the barons of the open range.

The first large commercial apple orchard in British Columbia was planted at Earls court, near Lytton, in 1867. In 1898 the first carload of apples was shipped from the Okanagan, and from that casual experiment has developed a business which absorbed over 8,210,752 boxes in 1946.

Latest figures give the number of farms in British Columbia as 26,500 and nearly 90 per cent of them are owned by the occupants.

Gold Brought Influx

The first lode-gold discovery in the Province was at Mitchell Harbor, on Queen Charlotte Islands, in 1850, where a small vein was worked. This, however, was soon exhausted and the miners who came up from the south found nothing further. The discovery of placer gold on the lower Fraser River in 1858 brought about the first great influx of seekers after this metal. In 1860 the Cariboo goldfields were opened up; great placer activity took place in the next few years. It was in this period that the Cariboo Trail was built.

In 1864 the Kootenays, mostly creeks tributary to the Kootenay River, attracted men from the south, but after a short time they passed on north-westerly into other sections of the province. In 1869 the Omineca River area was explored and good placers found. In 1875 Lightning Creek in the Cariboo was discovered and its



The largest smelter in the British Empire is operated by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company at Trail, B. C.

rich deposits gave more life to that area.

Curiously enough, in the light of what followed, it was not gold but coal that brought the first miners. Coal was first found on Vancouver Island in 1835. Fort Rupert was established in 1849 to work coal found there in 1835, but the seams were disappointing. Coal was found at Nanaimo in 1850, and work commenced in 1852, and Fort Rupert was gradually abandoned in favor of commercial mining at Nanaimo.

Fishing Industry Important

From north to south the pro-

vince measures approximately 700 miles, but its frontage to the sea is so freely indented with long sinuous inlets that actual measurement would reveal some 7,000 miles of coastline. Between it and the sea are innumerable islands—the peaks and plateaus of a submerged mountain chain—which form a breakwater against the direct onslaught of the Pacific and give thousands of miles of safe and sheltered waterways, fringed with vast feeding-grounds and harboring myriads of salmon, halibut, and cod, and visited regularly by great shoals of herring and pilchard—the latter a fish

akin to the California sardine. Naturally, with those advantages, commercial fishing is a basic industry, and almost half of Canada's total production is taken on the western seaboard.

Salmon were salted at Fort Langley by the Hudson's Bay Company about 1846, but commercially speaking, British Columbia's fishing industry dates from 1870, when salmon-canning began on the Fraser River, although the fisheries had been exploited for generations by the fur-traders and from time immemorial by the Indians, who confined themselves mainly to the salmon and halibut. In the early eighties a Vancouver trader found a market for halibut and inaugurated the system of towing the Indians to the fishing-grounds. He was followed by an American company, which operated from Vancouver under bonding privileges. Some thirty years later, with the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, the port of Prince Rupert became prominent and developed rapidly as the halibut centre.

Cod-fishing began with the exploitation of the halibut, but does not bulk very largely in the annual returns. Herring and pilchard fishing, on the other hand, although comparatively of recent growth, have become quite important and returns from both are substantial. The fish, and especially the pilchard, are used extensively in fish-reduction plants for conversion into oil and meal, the latter for use in feeding stock and poultry. Its properties are said to be remarkable. Pilchard-oil finds a ready market in Europe, where it is used in the

manufacture of soaps and paints, and to some extent for culinary purposes.

Whaling was an important activity for many years until changing conditions made it unprofitable, but the interest has revived and the fleet has resumed operations.

Five species of salmon are native to British Columbia—namely, the Spring, Sockeye, Cohoe, Pink, and Chum—and are so high in food value and so admirably adapted to the process of canning that an enormous trade has been developed. A few traps are permitted, but for the most part the salmon is taken with lines and nets, and normally 9,000 boats and 19,000 fishermen and shore-workers—all British subjects—are employed.

British Columbia's salmon and halibut fisheries are high productive and splendidly organized, but have been exploited to the point where further developments are likely to be slow. However, there are many other species which offer ample opportunity for expansion, such as sole, bill, and flounders, and notably the cod. And, apart from the tidal waters, the inland fisheries have striking potentialities. In 1948 the industry produced to the value of an estimated \$70,000,000.

Industrial Development

It is hard to say to what extent Vancouver Island would have developed in the early days of its occupation had it not been for the foresight of certain statesmen who insisted upon the establishment of a British Colony to emphasize the

new frontier. On the mainland it had no separate embodiment, but was simply the transmontane portion of the Great West until the finding of gold endowed it with individuality and a name. For many years the country was given up to the exploitation of its surface wealth, until the advent of the railway changed the complexion of things by throwing open a vast regional market and giving new life to all its interests.

The opening of the Panama Canal in 1914 completed the metamorphosis, and British Columbia's development as a manufacturing province began really from that date. As an alternative

to the transcontinental route and the tedious passage of Cape Horn, its influence on freight rates has been most beneficial, and British Columbia's strategic position has been improved beyond recognition.

For 1949, the estimated gross value of B. C.'s manufactured goods was \$960,000,000.

Broadly speaking, the province is channelled into four great parallel trenches — namely, the Rocky Mountain Trench; the Purcell Trench (occupied mainly by the Kootenay Lake); the Selkirk Trench, between the Selkirks and the Monashee Range; and the Coastal Trench, between the Coast

Forestry is British Columbia's main industry. Seven-foot spruce trees like this one are common.



opment of hydro-electric power Range and the insular chain.

In the Coastal Trench the rivers are short, full-fed, swift, and turbulent; they are not obliged to meander for long distances to find an outlet to the sea. But the frequency of power developments on the Coast is due less to natural features than to the fact that the Lower Coast is highly industrialized and has quite 70 per cent of the population. In certain parts of the interior — in the rugged Kootenays, for instance, where exploitation of the mineral wealth has established a number of populous centres—there are some very fine developments, but in the great hinterland of the Central and Northern Interior, where the rising tide of settlement has barely lapped the fringes, there are many splendid falls, the development of which must wait until conditions begin to make it practical, but recent surveys have established the total potential of these undeveloped waterways to be in the neighborhood of 7,000,000 horse-power.

About 400,000 horse-power is developed for use in and around the city of Vancouver and nearly 60,000 horse-power for use in the city of Victoria. In the interior, the outstanding developments occur on the Kootenay River where over 400,000 horse-power is developed in six plants, from which the majority of the electrical energy is used in the electro-metallurgical plant at Trail. At Powell River about 96,710 horse-power is used for the making of pulp and paper, and at Ocean Falls 26,850 horse-power.

In British Columbia the devel-

has been carried out mainly by private enterprise, only a few cities owning their own plants. British Columbia Power Commission is now in the field. The administration of the water resources of the province is vested in the Water Rights Branch of the Department of Lands and Forests.

B. C.'s Educational System

In its educational facilities British Columbia is far advanced, and the system is remarkably comprehensive, with high schools, junior high schools, superior schools, elementary and assisted schools, to the number of nearly 1,200. Apart from these are two normal schools for the training of student-teachers, and the University of British Columbia, which gives a liberal education and special instruction in the branches most closely identified with the life and industries of the province. In addition, there are many fine sectarian and non-sectarian institutions, and a number of excellent establishments modelled on the English Public School. In technical and vocational training the province may be said to excel. Manual and physical training and home economics are strongly featured, and splendid technical schools have been established, notably in Vancouver.

The highway system is admirable and comprises 22,448 miles of excellent roads, 2,000 of them hard surfaced. The remainder are of very good gravel surface. There are also 10,000 miles of trails used exclusively for mining, hunting, trapping, etc., and the general convenience of the tourist.



British Columbia is world-renowned for its salmon. Here is a sample taken by a commercial troller.

A highlight of British Columbia's road building program in 1949 was completion of the \$12,000,000 Hope-Princeton Highway giving access to the rich fruitlands of the Okanagan and shortening the route to the Pacific Coast by 100 miles. A fairly extensive tour reveals excellent road conditions, and nobody need hesitate to plan a motoring vacation to any settled part of British Columbia.

British Columbia's scenery is on the majestic scale and infinitely varied. Even the most widely travelled of its visitors exclaim with delight as scene follows scene in endless panorama. Lush

meadow lands give place to snow-capped mountains, rising grandly from their green foot-hills; park-like valleys to frowning canyons with a thread of sky. Tumbling rivers toss their white manes, broad lakes lie lambent in the summer sunshine, everywhere the contours are softened and the eyes refreshed by fragrant leagues of spruce and pine. Plunged for miles in their cool depths, the traveller emerges all unexpectedly upon the wide reaches of the sea, or upon long vistas closed in dim distance by a chain of peaks. Or he finds himself in a spacious country of wide horizons, where the streams are capricious things

with moods that change with the miles, now flowing smoothly between their wooded banks, now chattering across broad shallow bars or churning and milling in deep black pools. It is a country of strange conjunctions. Smart modernity rubs shoulders with the savage art of earlier days, and a few hours carries one from zones of brisk activity into regions of somnolent villages bristling with totems. The effects are odd, but never incongruous. The coastal scenery is incomparably fine. The insular system extends for the entire length and forms a protective chain of islands varying in size from Vancouver Island with its 13,000 square miles to tiny atolls of a few acres. Almost all of them are heavily wooded, and they combine to form a labyrinth of sheltered channels where the cruising is delightful. Between the islands and the mainland the cleavage is more regular, and here is the famous "Inside Passage" from British Columbia to Alaska. The voyage occupies several days, with only a few hours on the open sea, and the scenery is so superlatively grand that to exaggerate would be absurd. Splendid vessels thread their courses on water so calm and still as to give back an inverted picture of the wooded shores, and from end to end the "Inside Passage" is a pageant to which there is no actual parallel.

Sporting Attractions

British Columbia is supremely a land of matchless game. No country in either hemisphere offers keener thrills or richer rewards, and the big-game hunter, whose marksmanship, lungs, and

legs are equal to the test which the sport imposes, is certain of magnificent trophies. The big-horned sheep, wapiti, and caribou; the moose, tall and rangy; the giant grizzly, the largest of all the carnivora; goat, deer, black and brown bear, wolves, and cougars provide a sufficient range for any hunter, no matter how daring or how ambitious. In few cases is it necessary to travel far from steel or main highways to reach the country where the game is found, but it must not be supposed that the game itself is secured without effort.

The fishing, too, is wonderful, and the best lakes and streams are all quite easily accessible. Five species of salmon are native to the province, but only two will take the lure—namely, the Spring and the Cohoe—but the Spring is the noblest of them all, and the Cohoe has few equals as a fighting fish. Of trout there are three main varieties — the Steelhead, the Rainbow, and the Cutthroat—all fine fish and providing splendid sport. The genus known as the "Kamloops trout" properly is a Steelhead, while the "Dolly Varden" and the "Great Lake" trout are char. As a game fish the Steelhead is unexcelled. The Bass is not indigenous, but has been introduced here and there, and the Pike is extremely rare, although its presence has been reported from Stuart Lake; and in the Far North is found the Grayling (a sub-Arctic trout), but rarely in excess of 2 lb. It is in fish and big game that the province excels; its resources of wild fowl are not so remarkable, although pheasants, quail, and partridge are

plentiful in certain parts, and blue and ruffed (or willow) grouse.

British Columbia is fortunate in having preserved so many interesting contacts with the storied past. For instance, there is the great Cariboo Road which traverses the interior and follows closely the course of the mighty Fraser. Built originally in the early sixties, and modernized to bring it into line with the requirements of today, this splendid road is still redolent of the colorful days of the gold-seeking pioneers. Strung along its length are picturesque old road-houses and quaint little old-world towns — ex-mining camps for the most

part—and off to one side lies Barkerville. A roaring camp in the early days, the old town has been sunk for years in melancholy desuetude, but has begun of late to show unmistakable signs of a startling revival, and it is entirely possible that Barkerville will contribute new and brilliant chapters to British Columbia's mining industry. Vancouver Island shows old bastions still marking the sites of Hudson's Bay posts, and down in the lovely Okanagan Valley, close to the city of Kelowna, is Okanagan Mission, where the church first planted its banner on British Columbia's mainland in 1857.

The Okanagan Valley is British Columbia's main fruit belt. This view shows some of the orchards.



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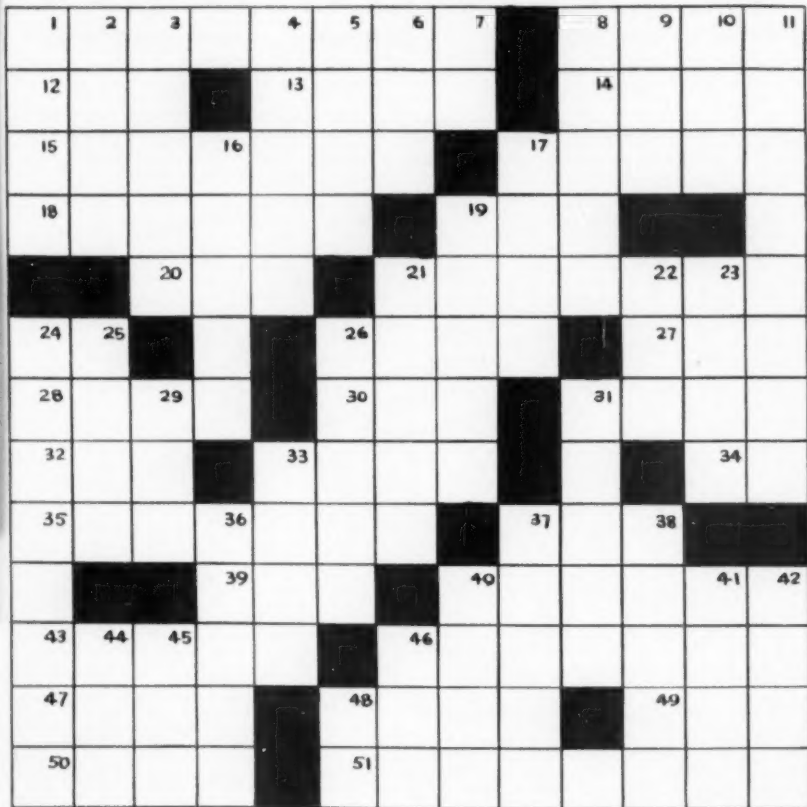
by TOM OSBORNE

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Bumpy place that Joey says he'll iron out—are else
- 8 Halfway ships
- 12 That shocking atom
- 13 What the eager beaver was
- 14 "A half—is better than none", said the printer
- 15 The new look
- 17 Wallflowers welcome his attentions even though there's a sting behind his honeyed kiss
- 18 There are no flies on him
- 19 Fish of the future
- 20 Neither (cont'd.)
- 21 Divers
- 24 Beginning of the DT's

ANSWER ON NEXT PAGE

- 26 Former K.O. artist
- 27 One girl
- 28 Newfoundland horse-flower. Any good pupil with two l's in her head knows this when she sees it
- 30 Free
- 31 Thither and yon in a hurry, and nowhere in particular
- 32 Out of the wind (colloq.)
- 33 Prickly things that needle people with poor circulation into shaking a leg
- 34 Where worn-out sou'westers end up
- 35 Refuse
- 37 Printers' tavern
- 39 Snooty railways
- 40 Chantey
- 43 Friend Cut-throat



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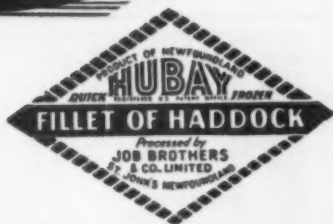
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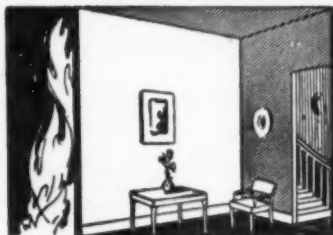
- 46 Fatty
47 Exploits
48 When the girls go into a huddle,
you Kinsey they're talking about him
49 Compass point
50 Little Nathaniel
51 Newfoundlanders played put and
take with this for years, but it should
stay put now. Ironical, isn't it?

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Thousands of pounds
2 Ark-welder
3 Sacred Bay girls put on this cape,
get tears in their eyes.
4 Better——than not at all
5 State
6 Little Billy
7 Editor of a small magazine
8 Some sap wakes this up every
spring (Two words)
9 Bovine blah
10 Where hotel-owners keep their
daughters
11 Have you herd watt a shock the
caribou got when they came back
here?
16 Co-eds at the Memorial make the
best use of these recesses
17 Favorite of No. 2 Down, noted for
its sparkling qualities
19 Tears
21 This has always been a drag in the
herring business
22 Screech
23 The once
24 Speaking as one islander to another,
this is the quickest way from the
Chapel to the New World
25 On-deck Newfoundland

- 26 Splits the lipstick in two
29 State of being together
31 Voter
33 Just what the doctor ordered
36 Line used on the Newfoundland dog
by his lady
37 Old man
38 Miners in Buchans get weak when
their veins do this
40 The people of No 11 Down make
light of it
41 Peter Pepper
42 He certainly changed the color of
things, didn't he?
44 There is a girl
45 Dogtor
46 Bleat
48 Magnificent Limbs; Marlene's Legs
(abbr.)

ANSWER TO PUZZLE



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The Dam Builder

WE TAKE time out this month to pay tribute to that humble member of a great host of workers who by their toil and sweat keep the wheels of industry moving—the 'dam-builder'. Scattered throughout the forests and the wastes that were forests, many of them long since decayed and grown over, claimed by Mother Nature, others still backing up placid lakes and streams where mere rivulets existed before, and some just being built, the hundreds of "dams", without which the delivery of pulpwood would be well-nigh impossible, stand, temporarily at least, as monuments to the ingenuity and skill of men who, without having passed the sixth grade, are real engineers just the same. It's rather crude but it's just as necessary to the manufacture of newsprint paper as the digester in the mill. Mr. Dambuilder, take a bow!



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